

Tama's Bet

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Summary: Tama discovers that Nala is Simba's girlfriend, and hatches a plan to make Simba hers... for ever.

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Tojo Takes a Tumble

AN: It's been a little while, but I'm here with yet *another* story! You people just love 'em, don't you? Well, here's where Tama loses her mind, and turns into an insane villain who wants Simba all to herself. Oh, dear. But first, a little bit of comedy.

Tama's Bet

Chapter One: Tojo Takes a Tumble

"So what exactly is your 'ultimate evil plan'?" Tojo asked, knowing that Tama had cooked up another one of her schemes. One of those schemes which was pretty much doomed to fail. That didn't exactly stop her from roping her into it, though.

"Well, what exactly do you see?" Tama asked, gesturing to the ground below. She and Tojo were sat on top of a tree branch, which was attached to a pretty tall tree.

Tojo stared down at the drop below. "A high drop that'll kill us?" he guessed, not really knowing what the answer was.

"Don't be silly, Tojo," she told him. "It's an opportunity. An opportunity to make the handsome Prince my boyfriend."

Tojo gave her a funny look. "I must say I'm confused, Tama. How exactly is sitting on top of a huge tree an opportunity to make Prince Simba your boyfriend? What do you want to do, impress him with your tree-climbing abilities?"

Tama shook her head. "The plan is simple, Tojo. We just have to get Simba to notice how pretty and attractive I am."

Tojo frowned at her. "Tricky."

"So, how do you get a cute Prince to notice you? You drop someone from a tree, of course!" she exclaimed.

Tojo grinned. "Oh, I get it! You want me to throw you from the tree, so that Simba will notice how hurt you are, and then you'll put the moves on him, right?" he presumed.

Tama smiled back at him. "Not quite, Tojo. I'm not the one who's going to be falling from the tree – *you* are."

Tojo's eyes widened. "*Me*? Why do you want *me* to fall from the tree? How is that going to make the Prince your boyfriend?"

"Well, when Simba walks along, I'm going to push you from the tree, and once you've fallen, I'll rush to help you! Then Simba will see how sympathetic and helpful I am, and then he'll fall for me instantly! It's the best plan I've ever come up with!" Tama grinned, thinking that her plan was going to work perfectly. Simba would be her loving, caring boyfriend by the end of the day!

"Great, so I'm going to fall, injure myself, and then you'll *pretend* to help me?" Tojo concluded.

Tama nodded. "Uh-huh."

"Well, could you not *pretend* to help me? I mean, falling from this tree is going to hurt a lot. Couldn't you at least rub my injured areas?" Tojo pleaded, knowing that he really had no say in this plan. He was falling from that tree, whether he liked it or not. Tama would make sure of it. And he wasn't even supposed to be her slave any more! He wondered sometimes why he didn't just say no and walk away. He really couldn't figure it out...

Tama just laughed in response. "Oh, I wouldn't know how to help you, Tojo. My parents never taught me how to help people. Only how to hurt them. Hey, there's an idea. I could hurt you so it seems even more realistic!"

"Oh, please, no!" Tojo pleaded, covering his face with his paws. "Just drop me from the tree! I don't want any more pain! I can only take so much in a day!"

"Fine," Tama grumbled. "Simba will be along any minute now, and we can put my plan into action."

"How do you know he'll even show up?" Tojo asked. "What are you, an expert on him now?"

Tama nodded. "He and his friend pass this tree every day on their way to the Outlands. He'll see you as soon as you fall from the tree."

"Yeah, and how are *you* going to get down?" Tojo challenged. "You can't jump. You'll hurt yourself, too!"

"I'll swing down from that vine over there," Tama told him, pointing to a little vine dangling from the branch they were sat on. "It's a simple plan, Tojo. I don't see why you're getting so worked up over it."

"Um, because it'll hurt!" Tojo exclaimed.

Tama shushed him loudly. "Simba's coming! Keep your voice down!" she ordered, narrowing her eyes and looking down at the ground.

Down below, Simba and Nala were walking along, talking happily with each other. Tama was oblivious to the fact that they were boyfriend and girlfriend, and didn't pick up on how close they were together. All she cared about was making Simba her boyfriend.

"Any second now, and I'll push you off the tree," Tama informed Tojo as they watched Simba and Nala walk along. The two cubs were getting closer and closer to the tree.

Tama could feel Tojo pushing him slowly off the tree branch, and his heart started to pound in his chest as he became very nervous and frightened. *Please don't let me die*, he told himself.

"On the count of three, okay?" Tama whispered in his ear and she edged him closer and closer to the edge. "One... two... three!"

With one mighty push, Tojo silently fell from the edge of the tree branch, and closed his eyes as tight as he could as he felt himself hurtling towards the ground. He couldn't hear or see anything. He just waited for the sound of his body hitting the ground below.

He counted away the seconds. *One... two... three... four...*

Smack!

"How was it, then?" Tojo asked Tama, as he lay on the ground, covered in cuts and bruises from the fall. His body ached all over, and he had gone numb with pain.

"Tojo..." Tama put a paw on one of Tojo's leg wounds, causing him to cry out in pain. "You were... fabulous! Just, just, just, just, just *astounding*! I cried."

Tojo narrowed his eyes at her. "*You* cried?"

Tama smiled and nodded. "Yes. I cried... when I realised that Simba was looking the other way when you fell."

Tojo looked shocked beyond belief. "Simba was looking the other way?"

Tama nodded several times. "*Ish*."

"Does that mean there's a sort of... *problem* with the plan?" Tojo asked.

Tama chuckled and leant in towards his face. "We are going to have to go again."

Tojo's eyes rolled into the back of his head and he fainted. "Tojo?" Tama called, patting him on the top of his head with her paw. "Tojo! You'd better wake up right now, or I might just have to slap you on the face! I'll give you to the count of three! One... two... *three*!" Tama slapped Tojo on the face, and he shot up, knocking Tama onto her back.

"Where am I?" Tojo cried, looking left and right. "Oh, I'm still here. Tama, what are you doing?" he asked, noticing she was squirming around on her back, like a turtle who'd fallen over and couldn't get up.

Tama rolled onto her paws, frowning. "You know, you could give me a warning next time you're going to wake up. I don't exactly like being knocked over."

"Please tell me you've got a plan B or something," Tojo begged. "One that, you know, *doesn't* involve me getting hurt."

Tama stroked her chin with her paw, smiling sinisterly. "Oh, I have a plan B, all right. A devious, mischievous, sneaky plan that's eviller than evil!"

"Which is...?" Tojo asked, motioning for her to continue.

"We're going to spy on Simba!" Tama declared.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Spying on Simba

Chapter Two: Spying on Simba

"Simba... I don't quite understand this game," Nala told Simba, as they both stood at the edge of a river – a river that was filled with hungry crocodiles. "What kind of a game involves a bunch of crocodiles?"

"An *exciting* game!" Simba exclaimed, that all too familiar glint of mischief in his eyes. He wandered over to a tree, and tugged on a vine that hung from one of its branches. "It's actually pretty easy. One of us swings into the river, and then we try to climb out before the crocodiles eat us. I call it Crocodile Escape! Pretty cool, huh?"

"Pretty *stupid*, you mean," Nala said, joining Simba by his side. "Simba, you have to be crazy if you think I'm playing a stupid game like that! How long did it take you to come up with that one? Two minutes?"

Simba rolled his eyes in response. "Nala, I'm kidding. Do you really think I'd stick you in a river full of hungry crocodiles?" He laughed. "That'd just be silly."

"But you *are* silly," Nala pointed out, causing him to frown.

"I'm not *that* silly," Simba argued. "I've got something better we can do, anyway. Something way cooler than hanging around with a bunch of crocodiles!"

Nala sighed. "Okay, Simba. What is it? I don't think there's *anything* cool in the Outlands. It's too creepy around here. Do I have to remind you about that cave with all of the... drawings? Of us? Dying?"

Simba shuddered. "Don't talk about that, Nala. I have a bad enough time with my nightmares."

Nala got closer to him. "You're not still having those nightmares about... Hago, are you?"

Simba frowned, a sad look on his face, and nodded. "Yeah. Every time I go to sleep. It's the same thing all the time."

Simba was talking about what happened every time he went to sleep. He always had the same nightmare. A nightmare where Hago appeared, terrified the life out of him, and then thrust him into the most horrible darkness you could ever imagine.

Apparently, that was what Hago received when he died. Darkness. And Hago wanted Simba to experience some of that darkness, every single time he went to sleep. Simba didn't know if it would ever stop, not until he himself died.

Nala sighed, feeling sorry for him, and put a soft paw on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Simba. You know if there was anything I could do to help you, I'd do it."

Simba looked at her and nodded. "Yeah. I don't think *anyone* can help me with it. You're really the only person I've told." He stared into her eyes, and decided to ask her a question. "So, what do you dream about?"

Nala narrowed her eyes. "Huh?"

"Well, what do you dream about?" he asked again. "I bet it's a lot better than my scary old nightmare. Come on, I told you about mine – you tell me about yours."

Nala rolled her eyes. "Oh, all right, then. I'll tell you. But promise you won't tell anyone else?"

Simba put a paw to his heart. "I promise, Nala. Now tell me about your dreams."

"Oh, well I suppose it's kinda stupid," she said. "But I keep having this bad dream where... you hate me. You tell me that you never liked me in the first place, and it was all some big trick, and then I think you eat me."

Simba's eyes went wide. "*Eat* you? Why would I want to eat you?" He couldn't help but laugh. "Now that's stupid!"

"You're real sympathetic about this, aren't you?" Nala said, frowning.

"Aw, come on, Nala," Simba said as he put a paw around her. "Why would something like that ever happen? You're the greatest, most beautiful person I've ever met. I don't hate you."

Nala smiled, and hugged him tightly. "Oh, Simba!" she cried. "I just /ove it when you talk like that!"

"I had a feeling you might," Simba said as Nala hugged him so tight that she was crushing him. "I don't suppose you

could... let up... on the hug... for just a few seconds?"

Nala let go of Simba, and gave him an alluring look. "Should I start on the kissing?" she offered, causing Simba to blush in response.

"Uh... I... Err..." Simba couldn't think of what to say. He always got this nervous when it came to kissing.

"I'll take that as a yes," Nala told him, before leaping on top of Simba and starting to kiss him.

From behind a large rock, Tama and Tojo were watching all of this. They had seen everything. *Everything*.

"Hey, what do you know, she's kissing him," Tojo observed casually. "I didn't think they liked each other in that way." He shrugged. "Well, you learn something new every day. Huh, Tama?"

Tama didn't respond. She just watched Simba and Nala kissing, a traumatised look on her face. She was shocked. So shocked that she felt paralysed. She couldn't do or say anything. She couldn't believe this was happening.

"Tama?" Tojo said, waving a paw in front of her face. "You okay? You don't seem to be really... saying much. You doing some magical meditation or something?"

Tama still didn't answer. She continued to watch Simba and Nala getting romantic with each other, and eventually an angry, furious look descended upon her face. Tama's mind had snapped upon seeing that. She couldn't bear to see another girl with the person she *thought* she loved.

"Tama, will you say something?" Tojo begged. "I get really lonely when no one talks to me."

Tama had a huge frown on her face. "I'm going to make Simba my boyfriend," she declared in an angry tone. "If it's the last thing I do."

"I'm guessing you're mad?" Tojo presumed, backing away from her cautiously. "I mean, I would be too if I found out my one true love had a girlfriend. Which would be pretty weird, considering I'm a guy, but you get the idea."

Tama grabbed Tojo by the throat, and pulled his face up to hers. "Oh, I'm mad, Tojo! More than mad! I'm *furious*! Simba has a girlfriend! A *girlfriend*!"

"Yes, I saw them kissing," Tojo said, gesturing towards Simba and Nala. "Oh, wait, they're still kissing."

Tama groaned, and could feel herself getting angrier and angrier. "How could Simba do this to me? He's supposed to be *my* boyfriend! *Mine*! That dirty little traitor!"

"How is it Simba's fault?" Tojo asked. "From my point of view, Simba is completely innocent. You never even *asked* him to be your boyfriend. He never even knew you had a crush on him. It's in no way his fault."

Tama threw Tojo to the ground. "You're right," she agreed. "It isn't Simba's fault."

Tojo got to his paws, dusting himself off. "Good. Now that we've taken care of that, we can go about our daily lives as if nothing's happened."

"It's *her* fault!" Tama declared, pointing accusingly at Nala. "That Nala girl! She stole Simba from me! She's been trying to beat me to it, ever since I first met him! I bet she's been planning this right from the start! Oh, she's going to get it, all right! I'll show her! I'll take Simba away from her, and I will have my revenge!"

Tama laughed evilly, causing Tojo to stare at her, his eyes wide. "Uh... is this going to take up a lot of time?"

"Shut up, Tojo!" Tama snapped. "I have more important things to worry about than *you*," she sneered angrily. "I need to focus on my plan to get Simba back. And I'll make sure that I *won't* fail."

AN: Oh, no. Tama seem pretty angry. But I'm sure it doesn't matter. It's not like she – oh, my God, Tama's gone insane! She's going to kill Nala! She's going to kill *everyone*! *She's going to destroy the world!*

Sorry, got a little carried away there. More tomorrow. And pretend that last bit didn't happen. Or I might have to get Tama to use her hypnosis powers to – oh, dear, I've said too much...

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: A Particularly Evil Plan

AN: Apparently some of you had trouble reading the story yesterday. I have no idea why, just to let you know. Maybe the website just hates me, and I should take the hint that I should delete every story on here and shut down my account, never to return. But that just sounds silly. I think...

Chapter Three: A Particularly Evil Plan

Tama had dragged Tojo away from Simba and Nala, unable to look at them having their romantic moment any longer. Everything had all gone wrong for her. This wasn't supposed to happen. This wasn't how things were meant to be! Simba wasn't supposed to be with Nala! Tama knew that Simba was supposed to be hers! He was supposed to love and care for her for ever and ever!

"Tama, how long is this journey going to take?" Tojo asked as Tama dragged him away by his tail. The front half of his body was being dragged across the ground, and it wasn't exactly helping the injuries he had already sustained from the fall from the tree earlier. "Because this is... kind of... hurting."

Tama rolled her eyes and let go of his tail. He slowly hauled himself to his paws, looking like he was in a lot of pain. "Feeling better now?" Tama asked, causing him to nod wearily.

"Aside from the several hundred cuts and bruises, I'm fine," Tojo replied, breathing heavily. "I don't think I can carry on much longer, Tama. Can't we just stop here and discuss your evil plan?"

"Fine," Tama grumbled, hopping on top of a large rock in the field they were in. "Now this evil plan is *particularly* evil for a very special reason."

"And this very special reason is...?" Tojo asked.

"I hate Nala, that's why!" she raged. "I'm going to hurt her so much that she'll want to throw herself off a cliff! I'll make her wish she'd never been born! I'm going to rip her heart out and crush it in my paws! Vengeance will be mine!"

"Well, that was certainly disturbing," Tojo remarked upon hearing that. "Which tells me that you're really... really... *really* angry. I have the feeling this plan is going to involve me getting hurt... *again*."

Tama laughed. "That's where you're wrong, my pretty partner. You're not going to suffer any injuries at all."

Tojo looked surprised. "Pain? None? At all?"

Tama shook her head and smiled. "What do you take me for? Some kind of monster?"

Tojo opened his mouth to answer. "Well—"

"The plan is completely safe, Tojo," she interrupted. "It isn't one of our typical plans – you know, the ones that usually end with us lying at the bottom of a cliff somewhere. It's actually quite simple, if I do say so myself."

"If it's so simple, then why haven't you tried it before now?" Tojo asked wonderingly.

"Because I didn't need to before," Tama explained. "I was quite happy with making Simba my boyfriend through normal methods – but now of course Nala has stolen him from me, and I have to take drastic action!"

"But you never had Simba in the first place," Tojo told her. "Maybe Simba just isn't for you. Find yourself another boyfriend," he suggested.

An angry look came across Tama's face. "And who do you suggest? *You*?"

Tojo chuckled nervously, rubbing the back of his head with a paw. "I never said that," he replied. "You could have any cub, Tama. I didn't say it had to be me." *Not that I would have minded*, he added silently.

"Simba is the only cub I care about!" Tama exclaimed. "Don't you understand that, Tojo? He's the cutest, and has the most power! Just think, in five years' time I could be the next Queen! *Queen*! My Dad would be proud!"

"I never met your Dad," said Tojo, narrowing his eyes. "What was he like?"

"Oh, well my Dad moved in some very mysterious circles," Tama told him.

"Really?"

"Yeah – he had one leg shorter than the other, you see. Anyway, we need to discuss my plan, Tojo. We can't sit around all day discussing our families!"

"You haven't even *explained* your plan, Tama," Tojo reminded her. "If you haven't told me what it is, then how can we discuss it?"

"I was just about to tell you, for your information!" Tama exclaimed. She cleared her throat. "As you know, Tojo, I have a lot of magical powers. Some than I can control, and others that I can't."

"I get the idea that the plan has something to do with the power that you *can* control," Tojo guessed.

Tama nodded. "That's right. I'm going to use one that I've never ever used before, and I've gotta say that it sounds absolutely despicable – hypnosis."

Tojo raised an eyebrow. "Hypnosis? As in, the controlling of one's mind? Tama, that's horrible! You can't just hypnotise Prince Simba into hating his girlfriend! That's just... *evil*!"

"I'm not going to make Simba hate her," Tama informed him, prompting Tojo to suddenly look surprised.

"You *aren't*?" he exclaimed, suddenly feeling confused. "Well... I have to say you've surprised me. If you aren't going to use it to make the Prince hate his girlfriend, then what *are* you going to do, exactly?"

"No idiot just hypnotises someone and makes them hate their girlfriend instantly," Tama explained. "If I did that, then *Nala*," she said, sounding disgusted when she said Nala's name, "would be on to my plan faster than you can say 'two bouncing baboons in a bush'." She shook her head. "No, no, no, no, Tojo. This needs to be done cleverly. I'm going to hypnotise Simba, and I'm going to make it so that he gets bored of Nala over a gradual period of time. Say, three days?"

"Three days?" Tojo thought about that for a few moments. "Well... I *suppose* that would work. As long as it's not too revealing, and you don't make Simba speak like some kind of zombie."

"Exactly!" Tama exclaimed, a grin forming on her face. "It'll be all too easy! I just have to hypnotise Simba, and then all we have to do is sit back and watch as he falls *out* of love with..." Tama gagged. "*Nala*."

"Legendary, awesome, fiendish!" Tojo declared. "You won't be far from making Simba yours with a plan like that, Tama. There is just one little problem, though."

"And what might that be?"

"How are you going to get Simba away from Nala?"

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Under Her Control

Chapter Four: Under Her Control

"What did I tell you?" Simba said to Nala as they sat by the edge of the water hole. "That was fun, wasn't it?"

Nala raised her eyebrows. "We slid down a cliff into a river, Simba. I found it to be more scary than fun."

"It wasn't a cliff!" Simba told her. "It was a *slide*. It just *looked* like a cliff, that's all." He grinned at her, and Nala couldn't help but giggle.

"Okay, so it was a *slide*," Nala teased. "But it was still a *scary* slide. Next time *I'm* going to decide what's fun and what's not."

"Does that mean you're against my idea of tickling you to death later?" Simba joked, his grin widening.

Nala giggled. "I'm *banning* tickling from now on, Simba. You can't tickle me or anyone else for as long as you live."

"Who made you the Princess?" Simba teased, resulting in a wide grin spreading across Nala's face.

"*You* did," she retorted, causing Simba to suddenly look shocked.

He scratched his head in confusion. "Oh, yeah. I did do that, didn't I?" He chuckled. "Looks like you've got me there, *Princess*." Simba strode over to Nala and looked her in the eyes. "Now, are we gonna stand around here all day or are we going to do something fun?"

"It's *my* turn to decide what we're doing, Simba," Nala reminded him. "And I have just the thing in mind."

"If it involves Zazu and a herd of elephants then I'm interested," Simba told her. "Old Banana-Beak falls for that trick every single time. It's amazing what you can do when you can imitate my Dad's voice. He's probably afraid that he'll get fired or something if he doesn't herd the elephants around."

"Actually, I was thinking of exploring the jungle some more," Nala revealed. "I mean, it's such a huge place. And it's *way* cooler than the Outlands. Plus, it doesn't have creepy drawings of us... well, dying."

Simba considered Nala's idea, and eventually nodded. "The jungle, eh? I like the sound of that. So, we slip out of sight for the day and have a fun time exploring the jungle. Just the two of us."

"Pretty much like it is every day," Nala joked with a little laugh. "If you think about it."

Simba laughed, too. "Yeah. It doesn't matter to me, anyway. I like it being just the two of us. No one gets in our way, and we can do whatever we want to, without anyone spoiling it for us. When was the last time anyone ever messed up a good day?"

Nala thought about it for a moment. "About three days ago, when we had to take care of that baby all day, and we nearly both had a heart attack when we lost it?"

Simba nodded, suddenly remembering the incident. "I *did* have a heart attack. That day tired me out. I actually *felt* like sleeping for once – and that's pretty rare, thanks to my neverending nightmare."

"Still, doesn't look like anyone's going to bother us today," Nala said optimistically, smiling.

"Simba! Nala!" a voice called from behind the two cubs. Simba and Nala gave each other a look before turning around to see Tojo running over to them, breathing heavily.

"Tojo?" Simba exclaimed in surprise. "What are you doing over here? And why do you look so worried?"

Tojo looked frantic with worry. "Oh, it was *horrible*! You see, this guy with big claws and huge, sharp teeth kidnapped your Dad and your Mom!"

Simba's eyes widened. "*What*?" he exclaimed. This was all going a bit too fast for him. His Dad had been kidnapped? And his Mom, too? "Wait, Tojo, how did this happen?"

Tojo pointed at Nala. "And then he took *your* Mom, too, Nala! You should have seen the way she was kicking and screaming to try and break free from the evil hold he had over her! I couldn't watch any more of it, so I decided to run here

and tell you!"

"Where has he taken my Mom?" Nala asked, worry evident in her voice. If what Tojo was saying was true – and she believed it was, because Tojo seemed like a trustworthy person – then her only remaining parent was in danger!

"I didn't hear that much," Tojo replied. "All I heard was that the guys planning to hide Simba's Mom and Dad in a deep, dark cave somewhere, and he's planning to keep your Mom with him at Pride Rock."

Simba and Nala looked at each other. "Looks like we'll have to split up," Simba told her. "I'll find my parents, and you go find your Mom." Simba turned to Tojo. "Do you know where the cave is?" he asked.

Tojo nodded. "Oh, yeah. I can take you right there, Simba. It's not too far from here, actually. Just follow me."

Simba looked at Nala. "If anything goes wrong, just shout for me," he instructed her. Nala nodded in response. "I'll come running."

"Okay, Simba," she said. "Look after yourself."

"This way!" Tojo bounded away from the water hole, and Simba gave one last look at Nala before following him.

Nala looked around the water hole, which now suddenly seemed very lonely, and sighed sadly. "I'm all on my own," she said quietly to herself. "Just like the good old times," she said bitterly, remembering when she had arrived in the Pride Lands with no friends of her own. Well, until she met Simba, and she didn't think she'd ever have a problem with loneliness again.

I'd better get to Pride Rock, Nala told herself, before breaking into a light run in the direction of Pride Rock. *I just hope my Mom is okay.*

Nala's mother was very much okay, because Tojo had just lied to them both.

"So where is this cave?" Simba asked as he ran alongside Tojo. "It is far?"

Tojo skidded to the halt in the middle of a grassy field. It didn't take much longer for Simba to stop. "Oh, it's right here, Simba."

Simba looked around the field, and couldn't see any kind of cave. "Huh?" he exclaimed. "I can't see anything..."

Tojo sighed sadly. "I'm sorry, Simba," he said, causing Simba to look up at him, his eyes narrowed.

"What do you mean, Tojo?" Simba asked, suddenly becoming very suspicious. He didn't like the way he said that. He didn't like it at all.

"Why, hello there, Simba," a new voice said from behind him. Simba turned around to find himself staring at Tama, who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. Tama had an evil smile on her face, and Simba felt a cold shiver running down his spine.

"Okay," Simba said, backing away nervously. "This is beginning to get a little scary, now."

"There's nothing to be scared about, Simba," Tama assured him, taking a step closer. "I just want to have a little talk with you."

"Why do I get the feeling that the whole 'my Mom and Dad have been kidnapped' thing was a lie?" Simba thought aloud.

"Oh, it *was* a lie, Simba," Tama admitted. "But that's only because I wanted a chance to talk to you – *without* your little... friend hanging around the place."

"For a start, her name is *Nala*, and she's my best friend. *And* my girlfriend," Simba informed her, frowning. He'd been tricked! He'd fallen right into a trap, set by Tama. All that was left to wonder about now was *why* she'd set a trap for him.

Tama shrugged. "Best friend, girlfriend, whatever. All I know is that I hate her, and she's wrecking my plans!"

"What plans?" Simba asked, anger evident in his voice. He didn't like it when people insulted Nala. *Especially* to his face.

"My plans to make you my boyfriend," Tama revealed. "My loving, caring, kind boyfriend who will do everything I ask him to."

Simba laughed. "If you think I'm going to be your boyfriend, then you're gonna have to wait a long time!"

"Not really. I give it about three days," Tama said, taking another step closer. "It's amazing what you can do with a few... alterations. You see, Simba, over the course of the next few days you're going to get bored of Nala. You're going to see that you don't really love her and that, in fact, you love *me* instead."

"You can't do anything to me!" Simba declared. "What do you think you're gonna do? Hypnotise me?"

An evil grin spread across Tama's face. "*Precisely.*"

Simba's eyes widened in shock. "Huh?" was all he could say. *I've gotta get out of here, I've gotta get out of here*, he told himself over and over again. *She's going to do horrible, horrible things to me! I can't let her make me get bored of Nala! It'd break her heart!*

"I wouldn't worry, Simba," Tama told him. "The hypnosis is completely painless. You won't feel anything – well, except for total loyalty to me, but that's normal for this kind of thing."

"Well, I'll just close my eyes," Simba told her. "That way you can't hypnotise me."

Tama rolled her eyes in response. "I'm not a hypnotic snake, Simba. I don't have to make you look into my eyes. In fact, all I need to do is this."

Tama placed her paw on top of Simba's head, and suddenly his eyes shrunk down to small dots, a black expression appearing on his face. He was in Tama's power.

She chuckled evilly. "What did I say, Tojo?" she said to her partner. "Was that easy or what?"

"You know, I feel really bad about lying to him like that," Tojo told her. "Why couldn't you have done the deceitful part of the plan?"

"Because I'm in charge of the hypnosis side of things," she replied, before turning her attention to Simba. "Now stop complaining and let me enjoy this. Simba..." she spoke in a hypnotic tone. "You are going to do everything I say."

"I will do everything you say," Simba confirmed in an entranced voice, completely under Tama's control.

"Simba," Tama continued. "Over the course of the next three days, you are going to fall out of love with Nala. You aren't going to find her interesting anymore, and you are going to get very tired of her. On the third day before the sun sets, you will break off your relationship with her, and will fall in love with me."

"Your wish is my command, Tama," Simba obeyed.

Tama laughed evilly. "Oh, Simba," she said with a little giggle. "I love it when you talk like that."

AN: Could you read that all right? I sure hope so, otherwise I'll be very concerned indeed. I might have to delete the story and repost it! And I just *hate* doing things like that! Really messes up my schedule of things to do! And I'm trying to concentrate on the story *after* this, too! Will I ever get a break?

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Day One

AN: Things are going to get pretty heartbreaking. But sadness is necessary for this story, I'm afraid. Of course, I'm secretly loving this on the inside. My sadistic side is coming out again...

Chapter Five: Day One

Nala wasn't exactly in the best of moods when she returned to the water hole. This was because Tojo had blatantly lied to her and Simba. He's said their parents had been kidnapped! Why would he lie to them like that? What reason would he have to lie? And she thought he was such a trustworthy person... Now Nala knew that he was just a liar. Stupid Tojo and his stupid lies!

And now he'd sent Simba to some deep, dark cave, which meant she would most likely be on her own for the next hour or so. Of course, she'd have nothing to do. Not without Simba, anyway. Could her day really get any worse?

Actually, to Nala's surprise, her day suddenly got better. Why? It turned out that Simba actually *was* at the water hole – but he was sleeping. That didn't annoy Nala, though. Whenever she saw Simba sleeping, she couldn't help but giggle. He looked *really* cute when he slept!

Simba's head was resting on his paws, he had a tight little smile on his face and his tuft was sticking out. Yep... he was cute, all right. Nala had to admit, she was a bit confused as to why and how Simba had managed to get back before her – considering he had gone farther than her – and decided that was the first thing she was going to ask him when he woke up.

Nala knew how to wake Simba up easily. She walked over to him, and tickled him behind his left ear – his weakest spot. The result was instantaneous. Simba laughed softly in his sleep, and exactly three seconds later he shot up abruptly, wide awake.

Simba took a defensive stance. "Okay, who is it?" He pointed to his tuft. "See this mane? It's not very big, but it's growing, all right! And I've got big claws, too!" Simba brandished his claws at his imaginary attacker, as if to prove his point.

"Simba, it's me," Nala told him, waving a paw in the air. "Do you always think there are monsters around or something? You always seem so worried whenever you wake up."

A little frown – one that Nala didn't detect – appeared on Simba's face when he saw that it was Nala. "Oh. It's you," Simba said to her, the slightest hint of disappointment in his voice. No one would have noticed it – not even Nala, and she knew him better than anyone else did.

Nala laughed in response. "Well, who else is it going to be, silly?" She grinned at Simba, and he smiled back at her.

Simba shrugged. "I don't know," he replied. "I just get kinda nervous when you wake me up like that. It doesn't help when I have the same nightmare again and again."

Nala narrowed her eyes at him. "That's a bit... weird. You didn't look very scared when I came back here. You looked like you were dreaming about something... happy," she told him.

Simba thought about that for a moment, and his eyes widened in realisation a few seconds later. "Oh, yeah. I didn't have the nightmare that time."

Nala looked pretty shocked when he said that. For days, all Simba would go on and on about every day was his nightmare. The nightmare that... never seemed to stop. It would just go on and on and on, never ending, never fading, never stopping. It seemed so... horrible.

And now it had all just suddenly... ended? Like some kind of illness? It lingered around for a while and then just went away? Were Simba's sleeping problems finally over?

"You *didn't* have the nightmare?" Nala exclaimed, shocked. "How come? I thought you said you were going to keep having it for ever and ever?"

"Actually, *Hago* said that," Simba corrected her. "And earlier it just kind of... stopped." He grinned at her. "It's over, Nala! My nightmare is gone!"

"But *how*?" Nala wondered. "Simba... what happened earlier? With Tojo? Because when I went back to Pride Rock, my

mother *wasn't* kidnapped. Where did he take you, Simba?"

Simba tried to think back, but everything up to an hour before was just a blurry haze. He couldn't remember a thing. Not one single thing. There was just this... blank space. It was as if his entire memory up to an hour ago had been completely wiped out. Erased.

Since he couldn't remember, Simba shrugged at Nala. "I can't remember. I don't really care, anyway. I'm just happy I've gotten rid of my nightmare problems!" He hopped up in the air. "Yippee! No more nightmares for me!"

"But, Simba... what if Tojo did something to you?" Nala asked, taking a step towards him. "What if it's because of him that you don't have the nightmare any more?"

Simba scoffed. "That just sounds stupid, Nala. Why would Tojo get rid of my nightmares?"

"He *lied* to us, Simba," Nala replied. "He told us our parents had been kidnapped. And then I come back, and your nightmare is suddenly gone. That's not just a coincidence, Simba."

"Ooh, big word!" Simba teased. "You can't be serious! Why would Tojo lie to us just to get rid of my nightmares?"

"It could be a side effect of something else?" Nala suggested with a shrug. "What if he did something to you, and because of that you don't have the nightmare any more?"

"Now you're just sounding crazy," Simba told her. "You don't actually believe that Tojo did something to me, do you? He just played a little prank on us, that's all."

"Hmm..." Nala narrowed her eyes. "I'm not so sure. This is all a bit too weird, Simba. It doesn't make sense."

"What, would you be happier if I was still having the same nightmare every time I went to sleep?" Simba retorted, frowning at her. He could feel himself getting angry. Why couldn't Nala just accept that his problems were over? Did she always have to pick apart everything and find a reason for it? She could be so... *annoying* sometimes!

"That's not what I meant, Simba," she replied, finding herself frowning back at him. "And you know it. I'm happy that you're not having that nightmare anymore, but you've gotta admit that's it's pretty weird how you just suddenly stopped having it."

"I'm not admitting anything," Simba declared. "Just forget about it, Nala! Jeez!" he exclaimed frustratingly.

"Simba, what's wrong?" Nala asked, concerned. She could tell that something was up with him. "Tell me."

"There's nothing wrong!" Simba replied quickly.

"Simba, I know something's wrong," she told him sternly. "I can tell something's wrong. Just tell me what it—"

"*Shut up!*" Simba snapped angrily, causing Nala to gasp and jump back in surprise, shocked that Simba had said something like that to her.

Nala's eyes were wide with shock, and she instantly felt the sting of what Simba had said. That really hurt her feelings. She didn't like it when people told her to shut up. It was like she had lost her right to speak.

Simba saw how shocked Nala was, and he looked down at the ground regretfully. He didn't mean to say that. "I-I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I didn't mean to shout at you like that, Nala."

Nala frowned, and turned away from him. Simba sighed, realising that he had really upset her. *Aw, I'm stupid! Stupid!* he thought, feeling angry with himself for snapping at Nala like that. That wasn't any way to treat her!

Nala looked down at the ground, her pride dented. She didn't expect that, and she didn't *want* that. She thought Simba would know better than to shout like that. He may be crazy, but at least he knew how to talk properly.

Simba trudged over to Nala slowly, and put a paw on her shoulder. "I'm sorry, Nala," he told her. "I really am. I didn't mean to shout at you like that. It's just that I didn't like hearing about the nightmare anymore. Can we just forget about this whole thing?"

Nala looked up at him, stared into his eyes for a few moments, and realised that Simba was making a genuine apology. He really was sorry for what he had done. And that was fine by Nala.

She smiled. "Okay, Simba. I forgive you."

Simba smiled back. "Thanks, Nala."

Little did Nala know, was that Simba's outburst of rage was all Tama's doing, and that this was only the first step in her sinister plan.

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Day Two

Chapter Six: Day Two

Tama awoke in the den the next morning with a smile on her face. *Time for Simba's relationship to take a pretty nasty turn*, she thought sadistically, knowing that it was only a matter of time before the second part of her plan was put into action. The first part had already been done: Simba had snapped at Nala angrily, telling her to shut up.

Today things were about to get worse.

Tama got up, and then realised that someone was hugging her. Looking around, she quickly found that it was Tojo who was snuggled up to her, a smile on his face as he slept.

"Get off me, Tojo!" she ordered, pushing Tojo away from her and causing him to wake up abruptly, blinking furiously and looking around.

"W-what?" Tojo mumbled, shaking the tiredness away. "What did I do?"

"You were..." Tama gagged. "*Cuddling* me in your sleep. This partnership is strictly professional, Tojo. I don't want you getting any sneaky ideas."

Tojo looked pretty shocked, and embarrassed. "Oh, I-I wasn't trying to get any ideas, Tama. It was just an accident. It didn't mean to snuggle up to you like that. It's just that I do really stupid things when I sleep. You see, there was this one time when I started to sleepwalk, and I almost fell down a huge waterfall." He grinned bashfully. "I'm just stupid! That's me! Stupid, stupid, stupid!"

Tama rolled her eyes. "Whatever. I forgive you, since I'm so happy today."

Tojo scratched his head. "Is it because today's the day where Simba's going to have a huge argument with Nala? One that is going to put a strain on their relationship?"

Tama nodded, an evil grin forming on her face. "That's right, Tojo. Come tomorrow, Simba and... *Nala* will no longer be a couple. Then, when their relationship is dead and buried, Simba will spot me, and fall madly in love! Then we can kiss and cuddle until I become the Queen of the Pride Lands!"

"Right..." Tojo nodded. "So the kissing and cuddling stops after you become the Queen?"

Tama shook her head. "It actually gets better than that. My parents told me all about it when I was just five months old."

"Told you what?" Tojo asked, confused.

"Told me where babies come from," Tama replied. "Here, I'll tell you." Tama leaned over to Tojo and whispered a few things into his ear. A few seconds later, Tojo's eyes rolled into the back of his head and he fainted.

Tama narrowed her eyes at the unconscious Tojo. "That's odd," she said. "My brothers did the same thing when I told them."

Much later in the day, the sun was setting, and Simba and Nala had spent all day exploring a certain part of the Pride Lands that they had never heard about before.

According to Zazu, there was a place in the Pride Lands that was ten times worse than the Outlands. It was known as the Farlands, and it was really, *really* dangerous. Apparently, anyone who went in had never come out again.

So, of course, Simba and Nala went to the Farlands. What they found was so disturbing, so horrifying, and so frightening, that they couldn't help but enjoy it!

"It wasn't that bad," Simba told Nala, as they sat by the water hole after their adventure. "It was only a few dead bodies and skeletons. There weren't even any scary monsters down there."

Nala raised an eyebrow, and laughed. "Simba, the bodies had their eyes hanging out of their heads! They had paws and legs missing, and the blood... it was *everywhere*!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah, but none of them were going to kill us, were they?" Simba retorted. "It wasn't like they were going to turn into zombies or something!"

Nala shrugged. "I thought it was pretty scary, actually. They didn't have to be *moving* to frighten me."

Simba gave her a funny look. "What's happened to you lately? Where's your sense of adventure?"

"I *have* a sense of adventure, thank you very much," Nala replied. "I was just saying I found it a little scary, that's all."

"So that's why you were shivering and shaking the whole time?" Simba teased with a little grin.

"I was *not* shivering and shaking!" Nala insisted, frowning at Simba. *Here we go again*, she thought, getting the feeling that they were going to have another argument, just like yesterday.

"Yeah, you were!" Simba exclaimed. "Face it, Nala. You're just a little chicken. Cheep, cheep, cheep..." Simba started making chicken noises, circling around Nala as if he were a chicken himself.

"Simba, stop it!" Nala shouted. "It's not funny!"

"Yeah, it is!" Simba replied. "You should have seen your face when you saw that body with the head missing! I've never seen someone more scared in my life!"

"Why are you acting like this?" Nala cried. "You're being a total jerk!"

"*I'm* being a jerk? I'm not the one who decided to go into the Farlands! 'Let's go, Simba, it'll be really cool!'" he mimicked Nala's voice in a high-pitched tone. "And it turned out the place wasn't even that scary!"

"Simba, shut up!" Nala shouted.

Simba stopped dead, looking shocked. "Oh, so *I'm* not allowed to tell you to shut up, but *you* are!"

"You're really getting on my nerves, Simba!" Nala told him, an angry look on her face. "What's wrong with you today?"

"What's wrong with *you* today?" Simba retorted. "Jeez, all you've done today is just be annoying!"

Nala looked hurt by that comment. "Well, *sorry*, Simba! If that's what you think, then I'm out of here! Don't bother trying to talk to me until tomorrow!"

Nala turned and walked away, feeling nothing but anger for Simba right now. That jerk! How could he be so mean to her like that? He was just being an immature bully! She didn't want to talk to him anymore tonight. He was just being mean!

"Fine!" Simba shouted after her. "I don't need you! I'll just play with myself!"

Tama and Tojo were watching the commotion from behind a tree. Tama was chuckling evilly. "Watch, Tojo, as the pieces slowly fall into place. Just one day, Tojo. One more day and Simba will no longer be with his *precious* Nala. Come tomorrow night, he'll be snuggled up in the den... with *me*."

"Are you sure this'll work?" Tojo asked her. "I mean, what if Nala gets suspicious? Don't you think she'll find it a little strange that Simba has suddenly fallen in love with you?"

"She won't care, Tojo. I'm going to break her heart. She won't even have the strength to confront me after Simba has broken up with her. And I do love seeing people with broken hearts. Don't you, Tojo?"

"Not particularly," Tojo replied. "I find it kind of... heartbreaking."

Tama grinned. "That's exactly the point."

AN: Ooh, that was mean! How could Simba act like such a jerk towards Nala? It's not like he's hypnotised or something... Wait, what's going on again? Hell, I wrote this and even I don't know what's happening! Can someone help me out here?

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Day Three

AN: Time for the final chapter. Sadness ahoy!

Chapter Seven: Day Three

"What do you mean, 'I don't want to talk to you'?" Nala yelled at Simba that afternoon by the water hole.

She hadn't spoken to him since yesterday evening, because she was hurt. Really, really hurt by the insulting things that Simba had said to her. She was so upset that she didn't want to talk to him until the next day, and Nala had been putting it off until this evening.

Simba didn't exactly seem as forgiving as he did when he told Nala to shut up two days ago. What had gone wrong with her charming little boyfriend in just three days? Ever since he stopped having his recurring nightmare, he seemed to have gotten worse and worse. Nala wondered if this was Hago's doing...

No. Hago was gone. He couldn't do anything to either of them ever again. That was old news.

"I mean I don't want to talk to you," Simba replied simply. "You don't want to talk to me, so I don't want to talk to you."

"Are you *crazy*?" Nala exclaimed. "Simba, I managed to get over our argument yesterday, you know. I'm ready to forgive you, and right now you're making that very tricky."

"Well, I'm not ready to forgive *you*," Simba told her.

Nala looked stunned. "You're not ready to forgive *me*? What the heck have I done to you?"

"*Exactly!*" Simba exclaimed. "You don't do anything! You just make me bored all the time! Sometimes I feel like killing myself when I'm with you! You can never think of anything good to do! Can't you just be a *little* less boring? Or is that too much trouble for you?"

"Simba, what's wrong with you?" Nala cried. "Ever since the other day, all you've done is act like a big jerk! If there's something wrong, you know you can just tell me!"

"*You* are the only thing that's wrong. I've gotta admit, over the past few weeks I've been getting kinda tired of you, Nala. You just... don't interest me anymore," he confessed, causing Nala to look shocked.

"Simba, this isn't funny," she told him, getting the feeling that her worst nightmare was about to come true. She just hoped that it didn't escalate to a point where Simba killed her.

"I'm not joking," Simba insisted. "I'm telling the truth. You're just so boring. Sure, this whole boyfriend-girlfriend thing was fun, but you didn't expect it to last for ever, did you?" Simba laughed. "'Cause if you did, then you're a pretty stupid cub!"

Nala could feel tears welling up in her eyes. *This isn't happening*, she assured herself. *This is all just one of your bad dreams, Nala. In fact, the past three days were all just bad dreams. None of this is real. It's all fake. You'll wake up any second now. Any second...*

Nala didn't wake up. This was no bad dream. This was real. This was happening. "Simba... you don't really mean that... do you?"

Simba looked sympathetic. "I'm sorry, Nala. But I just don't love you any more. It's time I moved on. Found someone else. I'd suggest that you do the same, but no one will really want you. And if they do, I give them a week before they die of boredom. I'm surprised I managed to hold out for so long." Simba turned around and headed away from the water hole. "Don't bother following me, Nala. I don't want to see you ever again."

Nala clenched her teeth as she watched Simba walk away, and she realised that something was very wrong with him. She wanted to call after him, but her voice got caught in her throat. She felt like she couldn't speak or move.

That's not the Simba I know, she thought determinedly. *My Simba wouldn't act like that. Something's wrong. But what?*

Cast aside her sadness – and that was rather hard to do, considering what Simba had just said – Nala began to wonder what could have possibly been done to him. He'd never ever acted like that to her before. He was never hostile to Nala. Never. It wasn't in his nature.

Nala struggled to think of a time before when Simba had been just the *tiniest* bit mean to her, but failed. He was too friendly. Too kind. Simba had never in his life—

Wait, Nala thought, as she remember something. She thought back to when Hago was still alive, and had hatched another one of his schemes. He'd used his powers to hypnotise King Mufasa, and had then hypnotised Simba, and almost succeeded in making him murder Nala.

Maybe that's what's happened to him, Nala mused, a little bit of hope instilled in her. *Someone's hypnotised him. But who would want to do that to Simba? Unless...* Nala gasped in realisation. *What if it was Tojo? It must have been him! The only time Simba disappeared was three days ago, and that was when he started acting weird.* She grinned. *Ooh, Nala, you're good!*

Thinking she'd figured it out, Nala rushed off in Simba's direction, a plan formed in her mind. She was going to snap Simba out of the hypnosis, and she was going to get her boyfriend back!

However, Nala was unaware of the *real* mastermind behind this, and didn't know what surprises were in store for her...

Simba came running over to Tama in the middle of the field where he had been hypnotised, just as Tama had instructed. The sun was beginning to set, and the three days were up.

"Everything's gone exactly as I've planned!" Tama exclaimed to Tojo, who was standing just beside her. "Simba has broken up with Nala, and now he's going to love me for ever and ever! Is this the best day of my life or what?"

"I don't know," Tojo said, sceptical. "I have a bad feeling about this, Tama. It all seems a little too... easy."

"The plan was *supposed* to be easy, Tojo," Tama told him. "That's why it's so ingenious! We hardly had to lift a paw! I should have done this months back!"

"But you didn't even *know* Simba months ago," Tojo reminded her. "Who were you supposed to hypnotise? Me?"

"In your dreams, Tojo," Tama replied, rolling her eyes. "Why would I ever want to hypnotise you? Unless of course I wanted to make you act like a chicken for my own amusement. Come to think of it, that's a pretty good idea. Remind me to do that later tonight, Tojo. Me and Simba can watch it later. And speaking of Simba..."

Tama turned to Simba, who was standing to attention right in front of you, a blank, entranced expression on his face. "Hello, Simba. Nice to see you again," she said, smiling sinisterly. "I must say that's a cute fur coat you have on."

"What is your first command, Tama?" Simba asked in a zombie-like tone.

"I want you to love me for ever and ever, of course," Tama instructed. "Did I not tell you that before? Now kiss me!"

"Do I have to watch you two making out?" Tojo complained. "I have better things to do with my time, you know."

"No, you don't, Tojo."

"Fair enough."

Tama stared into Simba's eyes, and their muzzles got closer and closer, ready for a romantic kiss. Tama closed her eyes, sure that there was no one who could disturb this perfect moment. No one...

"I've got you now!" a voice cried. Tama heard the sound of someone falling to the ground. She opened her eyes and turned her head to see Nala pinning Tojo down, a determined look on her face. "You thought you could get away with hypnotising Simba, huh? Well, think again!"

"I'm beginning to see a pattern here," Tojo said to himself. "Whenever something goes wrong, I'm the one who always ends up getting hurt. Has anyone else noticed that?"

Nala extended her claws, ready to attack Tojo, when Tama decided to speak up. "You're attacking the wrong person, *Nala*. *I'm* the one who hypnotised Simba. *I'm* the one who made him act like a jerk to you. And *I'm* the one who's going to be his new girlfriend!"

Nala hopped off of Tojo, and looked at Tama, shocked. "*You* did this? I should have known. I should never trust anyone with magical powers. It all makes sense now."

"I'd like to point out that I was against this," Tojo said, pointing a claw in the air. "Just so everyone knows."

"Shut up, Tojo!" Tama snapped, before returning her attention to Nala. "Now, Nala, there's two ways we can do this: the easy way, or the hard way. The easy way is that you step neatly to the side, and let me get on with my happy life with my new boyfriend, while you remain unscathed. However, if you choose the hard way, then I'm afraid I'm going to have to crush your bones into dust. So... what'll it be?"

"I'm no coward," Nala said, as her claws seemed to extend out even further. "I'm not going to let you get away with this. Not without a fight."

Tama's own claws extended. "You just picked the wrong choice." Tama looked ready to pounce at Nala, when she suddenly stopped, sheathing her claws. "Actually, I don't *need* to fight you. I can just do this." Tama put her paw on top of Nala's head, instantly making her eyes shrink down to small dots, a blank, entranced expression appearing on her face. Nala was in Tama's control, too.

Tojo looked impressed. "Gee, it makes me wonder why you didn't do that to her before."

"Now all my problems have been solved," Tama said, looking at the hypnotised Nala. "All I have to do now is tell her to run away for ever. She'll never bother us again, leaving me to be all on my own with Simba."

Tama felt a tap on her shoulder, and turned around. "Can I help you?"

Tama's eyes widened when she saw Simba, no longer under her control. "I'd like to point out that's *my* girlfriend you've got your magical paws all over."

Tama was stunned. "But... how?" she wondered. How had Simba suddenly snapped out of her control like that? It was impossible!

Tojo looked just as surprised. "Don't look at me, Tama," he said. "I'm just as stumped as you are. Unless... you can only have control of one person at a time."

"Oh, *now* you tell me!" Tama exclaimed, as Simba took a step towards her. "Now, now, Simba, don't get angry with me. I was only trying to make you my boyfriend. There's nothing wrong with that, is there?"

Simba unsheathed his claws. "I don't like it when people hurt Nala. It makes me *very* angry."

Tama looked around nervously. "Uh... Tojo? A little help here?"

Tojo shrugged. "Sorry, Tama. I'm not getting into a fight with the Prince. I have my own reputation to protect."

"You double-crossing jerk!" Tama shouted, before looking worriedly at Simba, who was getting closer and closer. "Uh... I... Simba, look at that big scary monster right behind you!"

"Huh?" Simba turned around, giving Tama enough time to put her paw on top of Simba's head. "Simba," she said quickly, not bothering to speak in a creepy hypnotic tone, "you won't remember the events of the past three days. You will think you've just been having fun with Nala!"

Tama quickly turned to Nala – who had only just snapped out of her trance – and placed her paw on top of Nala's head, hypnotising her again. "Nala, you won't remember anything from the past three days, either! You will just think you've been having fun with Simba!"

Tama removed her paw from Nala's head. Simba and Nala both collapsed to the ground, unconscious. Tama laughed. "I did it! Yes! That was close, wasn't it, Tojo?"

"You'll do anything to save your own butt, won't you?" Tojo replied, looking at Simba and Nala.

Tama shrugged. "Survival instinct. Shall we get out of here, then? Before they wake up?"

Tojo sighed. "Fine." The two walked off, side by side. "Hey-ho, another day."

"Simba, wake up!" Nala cried, shaking Simba awake.

"W-what?" Simba said, his eyes flickering open. "Did I fall asleep again?" he asked, shaking himself awake.

Nala nodded. "Yep. It's kinda weird, actually. If you think about it. We were having a lot of fun."

Simba nodded, too. "Yeah. But I can't exactly remember *why* we were having fun."

"Me, neither," said Nala in agreement. "It's kind of strange, but... nice at the same time."

Simba shrugged. "Oh, well. As long as we're happy with each other. We *are* happy with each other, aren't we?"

Nala smiled at him. "Of course, Simba. I wouldn't be happy with anyone else. Just you."

Simba grinned, and chuckled. "Me too, Nala. Me too."

The End

AN: Tama gets away with it? Well, I'm not exactly going to kill her, am I? Or will I...? Anyway, the next story is absolutely brilliant! Crazy brilliant, if I do say so myself. I can't wait to show you! Be on the lookout for it, coming soon...

NEXT TIME: Simba and Nala explore the jungle, where they meet the friendly Timon and Pumbaa. However, the two cubs soon discover they are hiding a dark, horrifying secret...